

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

They not stop a Beere-barrell?  
Imperious *Cæsar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.  
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expell the waters flaw.  
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,  
The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?  
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,  
The corse they follow, did with desperate hand  
Foredoe it owne life, 'twas of some estate,  
Couch we a while and marke.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is *Laertes* a very noble you h, make.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Doct.* Her obsequies haue been as far enlarg'd  
As we haue warrant, her death was doubtfull,  
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,  
She should in ground vn-sanctified bin lodg'd  
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,  
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her:  
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin Crants,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and buriall.

*Laer.* Must there no more be doone?

*Doct.* No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,  
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted soules.

*Laer.* Lay her i'th earth,  
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh  
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,  
A ministring Angell shall my sister be  
When thou lyest howling.

*Ham.* What, the faire *Ophelia*.

*Quee.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell,  
I hop't thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife,  
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet mayd,  
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

*Laer.* O trebble woe

*Enter King  
Quee. Laertes  
and the corse.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

Fall ten times double on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sence  
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,  
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;  
Now pile your dust vpon the quick and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made  
To retop old *Pelion*, or the skyes head  
Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he whose griefe  
Beares such an *Emphasis*, whose phras of sorrow  
Coniures the wandring Stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I  
*Hamlet the Dane.*

*Laer.* The Diuell take thy soule,

*Ha.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers  
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,  
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdome feare; hold off thy hand?

*King.* Pluck them asunder,

*Quee.* *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why I will fight with him vpon this theame  
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame?

*Ham.* I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of loue  
Make vp my sum. What wilt thou doo for her.

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For loue of God forbear him?

*Ham.* S'wounds shew me what th'out doo:  
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy  
Woo't drinke vp Efill, eat a Crocodile (selfe,  
I'le doo't: doost come here to whine?  
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.  
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground  
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

M 2

Make

Fall